

the mind of Pound

the mind of Pound  
stretched into a broad black asphalt road  
thinned into black brushstrokes  
and covered his aunt with flyspecks

as she sat astride a mule  
his aunt believed  
travel broadened the mind

his mind grew and travelled  
turned inside out became lava  
stretched so thin it became transparent  
and broke

near his aunt the mule  
astride dollar signs  
near sheri de la snubnose near idol eyes

if wishes were lepers  
mules would ride aunts  
across the sky of merano  
at the pace of the sun on very hot days

1962

#### CONTEXT

In a country where all the babies are born ugly  
the albino achieves a state of grace.  
Amid roofs resembling India,  
faces peer out toward water  
bearing their ideas as veils. It moves thus,  
a current to him, amid their constant questions:  
a waterfall of oily upturned faces.  
He has a way of moving among them  
that justifies him to them, amid their  
constant questions, their gentle concern.  
On his own roof, near corn, with his face  
turned toward what he remembers as sad India,  
the albino regards himself as  
a man who completely understands.  
This sky, in this form, sky full of bodies,  
of falling negroes, he knows, he watches it.  
Disclaiming it as newsworthy or  
remarkable. It is only necessary for him to  
note the color of his urine,  
his skin, as he goes to the edge of his roof  
and that sea of Cortes' ugly children  
into which he leaves his own bright laden water.

1964